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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

AFTER THE ELECTION

WITH AMERICANS across the country we salute John F. Kennedy on his election to the highest office in the land. We sincerely welcome him as the next President of the United States.

We regard the decision which has been made by the American people not only as a critical comment on the past, not merely as a desire for a change, but as a sign of their trust in the future —and in this man whose full measure this country and the world have yet to take.

It has become increasingly clear that with Senator Kennedy a new element has entered into our national political life. He is not to be a President like Dwight D. Eisenhower, nor Harry S. Truman, nor, for all the comparisons, like Franklin D. Roosevelt. Some measure of what he will be can be gauged by considering the formidable obstacles he faced, and overcame, before the people finally selected him to be their leader in the opening years of this decade.

Senator Kennedy first had to overcome strong and articulate opposition within his own party. Some of the sharpest thrusts at the Senator were delivered by other Democrats before his nomination. Yet after the nomination he enlisted those people in his vigorous campaign. Although he backed the most liberal Democratic platform yet produced, he gained support in the South. Although many were distressed at his choice for Vice President, he extended his strength in Northern liberal areas. And he convinced those committed people who initially felt they would rather lose with Stevenson than win with anyone else that his battle was worth fighting.

After his nomination he had to formulate and force those issues which were to be debated. He had at the same time to make himself known to many people who knew him little or not at all. And he had to overcome the unfavorable misconceptions of those who viewed him as an immature and inexperienced person. Further, he had at all times to cope with the always grave, always uncertain and frequently distorted issue concerning his religion.

THESE THINGS are not recalled at this moment of victory for fear that they will get swallowed up in history. They are recalled because they indicate the nature of the man we have elected. Throughout his campaign the Senator moved with authority, confidence and steadfastness of purpose, uniting people who were previously divided. He made manifest those qualities which were singled out by Walter Lippmann when he spoke in mid-October of "the precision of Mr. Kennedy's mind, his immense command of the facts, his singular lack of demagoguery and sloganeering, his intense concern and interest in the subject itself, the stability and steadfastness of his nerves and his coolness and his courage." Through all this, continued Mr. Lippmann, were revealed "the recognizable marks of the man who, besides being highly trained, is a natural leader, organizer and ruler of men." In a very real sense the electorate has ratified this view of Senator Kennedy.

After the grueling, wearing campaign and the momentous victory this is, then, a time for congratulations and celebration. Congratulations to the Senator because he has been elected and to the country because it has selected such a man.

But our congratulations are mingled with something approaching compassion for the President-elect and an anxious desire to see the forming outlines of the new Administration. For time runs swiftly. The tumult and the shouting dwindle down.

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The last hurrah fades on the air. And a time of national testing is upon us.

It is no exaggeration to speak, before we are well into them, of the perilous sixties. We live at a time of crisis when hyperbole becomes the literal description of fact, when no heightened phrase is sufficient for the reality. As the strongest of the free nations of the world, the United States bears special burdens and responsibilities.

Even while we seek to extend the rights of democracy at home—where we fall noticeably short of the ideal—we must proclaim the ideals of democracy abroad. We must assert and teach that democracy is theoretically and practically superior to Communism and will survive. We must extend our help and influence to the new, revolutionary and untried countries without incurring charges of exploitation and colonialism. We must strengthen those ties which bind us to our Latin neighbors. We must work unceasingly for peace without relinquishing our strongest deterrent—the ability to wage war on at least equal terms.

There is no quarter of the globe that does not feel our influence. We must strive to see that such influence is beneficial and is regarded as beneficial. We must weigh and reexamine not only our position *vis à vis* Cuba or Quemoy and Matsu but our entire foreign policy.

We have no desire to turn a man into a legend before his time. Nevertheless, we think that Senator Kennedy promises to be the kind of leader who can accomplish many of these things. Not only has he the qualities enumerated by Mr. Lippmann, but he has that intangible quality of charisma. Even while the political commentators were decrying his intellectual, unemotional approach people responded to him with a kind of excitement and enthusiasm that has not been visited upon this country since the days of Roosevelt. In directing this country through the times ahead, this quality can be a factor of incalculable importance.

Having stated our belief that hope and trust in Senator Kennedy is well-founded, we also state that we look for no political miracles. In fact, we would distrust anyone who offered them. Nor do we anticipate that we will, in every instance, agree with Senator Kennedy's decisions as President. But we do expect a change of mood and direction in the management of this country's affairs. We do expect that he will bring large talents to the Presidency, and all the intelligence, imagination and dedication that he can summon, that he will speak hard truths too long unspoken, make hard decisions too long unmade.

RESULTS OF NEGLECT

SOURCES of raw materials and new markets for finished products have long been objectives of Europe's colonial empires. Colonial exploitation often meant shipping what had been extracted from the natural wealth of the colonial land to the "mother country" for processing and selling back to the colony in the form of more costly manufactured goods. This is colonialism in its economic aspect.

A similar pattern still exists in the operations of American foreign enterprise today. The resentment it causes in the underdeveloped lands does much to blur our image as the champion of anti-colonialism in the world. It seems to more than offset the American record in Puerto Rico and the Philippines, our intervention at Suez and our general anti-colonialist attitude at the U.N.

The feeling of resentment runs particularly strong in Latin America, where peoples with great natural wealth continue to be beset by desperate poverty. For one thing they are now demanding that their resources be developed for their own national well-being rather than for foreign companies and foreign investors.

When the United States reduces its import quotas of oil or cuts the prices it pays for tin or copper for its own business reasons—regardless of the substantial havoc that causes in the producing country—Latin Americans perceive the similarity to an outright colony's being run for the benefit of its mother country. The results are often devastating, as so many of these countries are primarily dependent on exports of a single crop or commodity. This colonialist impression is confirmed when Cuban expropriation of American business properties leads to economic or diplomatic reprisals.

Resentment of this form of colonialism is therefore natural enough among Latin America's hungry and restive peoples. But the Communists are also on hand to make the most of very real evils: high infant mortality and low life expectancy, abysmal rural poverty and city slums, widespread illiteracy and disease, the great gulf in living standards between the populace and a small and powerful wealthy minority. Moreover, the Communists are solidly entrenched in university circles and in the labor unions.

This is the true framework in which to evaluate the impact of the Castro revolution. Other aspects of the Cuban situation are of distinctly lesser general importance. The exiles do not count for much. The trading of insults, the charges of preparation

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for an "invasion" and the increasing characteristics of a police state all tend to obscure the real meaning of this revolution for the United States.

Regardless of the success of Castro's agents in other lands, Cuba by its very course threatens to set the pattern for other Latin American revolutions. What American companies do now may have much influence as to what is to ensue. If they succeed in transferring at least part of their assets now on comparatively favorable terms, and if they seriously undertake to set up local processing and manufacturing plants, they may be able to forestall trouble that otherwise appears inevitable. Much will depend on a willingness to recognize that the country in which they operate has henceforth to be the element of their prime concern.

United States companies do pay better than the low prevailing wages and often provide useful community facilities as well. But they will have to do far more if they are to play their part in building up a new and far happier international relationship in the Americas—and contribute to the achievement there of humanly adequate living standards. Without real progress of this sort the present Cuban pattern can confidently be expected to recur in a number of countries in this Western hemisphere.

"PEACE" AT G.E.

THE COLLAPSE of the strike at General Electric was highly significant. Pre-strike negotiations were carried on in a painfully strained atmosphere; the company took a very firm position from the first, and it stuck to it. At the same time, there was considerable reluctance to strike on the part of union members, many of whom were already concerned about mounting unemployment in the industry and the possibility of further layoffs. In these circumstances, the back-to-work decision of one key local spelled finish to whatever hope for success the strikers ever had. The plain fact is that the walk-out was a failure, and the agreement that marked its finish simply spelled out the terms of the surrender.

In other industries, both labor and management are likely to see in the events at G.E. a reliable guide to industrial relations in the near future. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell recently reported that there were fewer strikes, and fewer men on strike, during the first nine months of 1960 than in any previous comparable period since 1945. This fact will be taken by some to indicate improved labor-management feelings, but this is not the case; indeed, relations between the two groups have deteriorated sharply in recent months. But what the fall-off in strikes does reflect is the harsh reality of the current economic situation.

From management's point of view, competition is coming back on the American scene, and companies are not as prepared as they once were to pass on increased labor costs to the consumer. And from labor's point of view, unemployment is high enough to make unions dubious that they can get what they want by striking at this time. When both factors are put together, the result is likely to be a period of labor "peace"—with a considerable amount of bad feeling not too far under the surface.

ANGLICAN PRIMATE AND ROME

IT IS HAPPY news indeed that the Archbishop of Canterbury will soon pay a courtesy visit to Pope John. When the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Geoffrey F. Fisher, Primate of the Church of England, makes his call upon the Pope, it will be the first time since the beginning of the Reformation that an Archbishop of Canterbury has met with a Roman Pontiff.

Dr. Fisher's generosity and courage in requesting this meeting can hardly be overpraised. Nor can the similar qualities shown in Pope John's swift and gracious response to the Anglican Primate's inquiry. For on both sides there is painful awareness of the delicacy of the situation and of the possibility of new misunderstanding and resentment. There are those within the Roman Catholic Church who look with suspicion and dismay on any tendency toward what they describe as "compromise" of the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome. If the errant sons wish to come home again, their attitude seems to be, they know the way to Rome. Similarly, there are those in the Anglican Church and among British Nonconformists who are distressed by what they see as "knuckling under" to the rigidity and arrogance of Rome.

Non-Christian reaction to the proposed meeting underlines the danger of misunderstanding. The *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, seemed to give a qualified approval to the forthcoming visit but indicated a great impatience with all the intra-Christian squabbling about "technicalities" such as the validity of orders and Holy Communion. Granting the good will of its author, the *Guardian's* article is likely to wound the members of all churches and could easily do harm to the ecumenical movement.

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Not least, there is the danger of expecting too much and rejoicing too soon over the effects of this meeting between Archbishop Fisher and Pope John. If all the current ecumenical activity, and the scheduled Vatican Council, should fail to lead to any spectacular steps in the cause of unity—which might well be the case—the resultant disappointment could be a serious deterrent to continued perseverance in ecumenical work.

Having taken due note of the difficulties attending next month's meeting, however, it is heartening to turn to the more positive—and, we think, more important—implications of the Archbishop's visit to Rome. Whatever happens in consequence of it, or if nothing happens, this simple exchange of courtesy is a seal and a ratification of the profound change in the relations between Christians.

As Dr. Fisher himself observed after last summer's World Council of Churches meeting, "The pace is quickening." One of Pope John's first acts was to call for the Ecumenical Council which is now being organized and his plea for Christian unity was warmly received in all quarters of the world; recently he set up a Secretariat for Christian Unity, under Cardinal Bea; for the first time, an official Roman Catholic observer was present at a World Council meeting; in innumerable small but significant actions and statements, the Pope has indicated his fervent desire for conciliation between the divided servants of Christ; and almost daily, in theological and religious journals and even in the secular press, one sees evidence of the new growth of sympathy and fellowship among churchmen who once were rivals and disputants.

The developments in the direction of unity among non-Roman Catholics have been no less marked. From the World Council of Churches and from individual churchmen, officially and unofficially, have come countless expressions of openness and fraternal warmth. Now, in this personal act of the Primate of England, and in his words, there is a peculiarly significant portent for the coming together of Christians. Even if the proceedings of ecumenical meetings are cruelly slow, or seemingly meager, we have come so far that things can never be what they were. The expressions of hope and love which have been made and received on all sides have created new ties which can never be severed completely, come what may. The steps toward unity which have been taken, and Dr. Fisher's visit to Rome high among them, are historic acts and will weigh in the scales of time as surely as the acts which led to the scandal of separation.

Dr. Fisher put it well when he said that many were praying that "this tiny and altogether unspectacular and yet novel incident of a visit of courtesy offered and welcomed on both sides may bear fruit. . . . It is true, as has been said, that in one sense what may pass between the Pope and myself may be trivialities. In another sense, the fact of talking trivialities is itself a portent of great significance . . . the pleasantries which we exchange may, as one church leader said, be pleasantries about profundities."

Finally, the Archbishop said he hoped his visit to the Pope may make it possible for Catholics and Anglicans to talk "freely and openly in a spirit of Christian friendship and fellowship, not seeking victory or advantage over one another, but as fellow disciples in the service of the one Lord—learning as Christians always must learn, first by talking with one another and speaking the truth as they see it in love."

THIS MEANS YOU, SIR OR MADAM

THE CULTURE-CRITICS seem to have eased up considerably of late in their worriment over the shifting roles of the sexes in this country. For a while back there, every other sociologist who could put together a magazine article was demanding to know What Happened To American Men? And the ones who weren't asking that were wondering What Happened To American Women? We don't recall that there were any definitive answers to the questions, but the excitement petered out after a while, and we figured that whatever it was that had happened to them it wasn't too serious.

Maybe we were wrong. We've just seen an ad in the paper for "The Ladyfingers Compact," which is an elegant little tool kit—that's right, tool kit—designed "for the lady of the house." The plastic case (in coral, sand, yellow or black) is fitted with chromium-plated steel tools with "sleek black plastic handles," including "a glamour hammer," screw driver, pliers, awl and assorted other mechanics' and carpenters' trinkets.

It was easy to shrug off the theorizing of the experts in these matters, but this is something else again. This is business, after all, and now we're really worried. What frightens us most are the inevitable next steps. Next week, for instance, it may be a saddle-leather sewing kit for the mar of the house, featuring stainless steel needles, perhaps, and maybe a he-man, pistol-grip needle-threader, or maybe. . . . But it doesn't do to think about it.

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The Loyal Opposition

Its duty is to criticize, and no plea of state interest can relieve it of its first obligation

by STEPHEN R. GRAUBARD

IN DECEMBER 1945 Winston Churchill rose in the House of Commons to move a vote of censure against the Labor Government. It was with no rancor, but with a sense of fulfilling an obligation, that he said: "The Government reproach us with making their task more difficult, but what do they expect? Can we, with our convictions, as honorable men, as a great party in the State, afford, for the sake of appearances of unity, to acquiesce in a destructive downward trend in all our affairs at home and abroad? Are we not bound in honor to give our warnings in good time about the future, and to record our censure on the present? Would we not be blameworthy before history if we sat supine and silent, while one folly and neglect is piled on top of another, and much that we fought for together is lost or frittered away? The only excuse for silence and inaction would be despair, and despair is not to be tolerated among Britons."

Is one being unfair to American politicians if one suggests that our principal lack in the last fifteen years has been a voice of comparable wisdom? We are all painfully aware that there has been no Churchill among us, that we have heard little in ghost-written speeches to compare with the dignity of his "bound in honor to give our warnings in good time about the future." What is less apparent, however, is that our political leaders, provided with many of the same opportunities that Churchill enjoyed in opposition, have scarcely known what to do with their power. Churchill's words are significant—the opposition's duty is to oppose, to criticize, to warn, and no plea of state interest can relieve it of its obligation. Honor is more important than appearance, and the bar of history may be expected to pronounce judgment when yesterday's newspapers are moldering in dark cellars. Churchill has nothing to say for bipartisanship, that famous American "remedy," which is offered as a political elixir, providing strength, but which too frequently acts as a soporific, inducing sleep.

Those who would defend the American achievement in the last fifteen years will reply that the British experience has no relevance to our situation, and that what is possible in the House of Commons, with an institutionalized "loyal opposition" and a Cabinet system, has little import for us. To assert this is to miss the whole point of Churchill's argument. Opposition came naturally to him, not because he was contentious, but because he believed the Conservative Party would one day soon again hold power, and he had no intention of entering upon a reduced inheritance. He took it for granted that when the Government acted rightly (by his own lights), he would offer his congratulations, but this implied that a wrong or insufficient act would call forth the opposite response—a stern rebuke. Churchill cared not at all what others might think or say; a government which was left uncriticized would grow soft and, in time, betray those higher interests which it was commissioned to serve. Opposition was not a luxury, to be occasionally indulged in, but a necessity—it was the one incontestable advantage which free government offered proud, independent and responsible men.

IN THE United States, since 1945, the Democrats and the Republicans have been out of power for almost precisely equal periods of time. What can be said of the record of either party in opposition? Which Republican, from 1945 to 1952, in the Senate, on the radio, in the press, ever made a speech of such prescience that we feel he speaks to our situation today? Who in the opposition corrected the President and provided guidance for an alternative policy? Where was the mind which soared over the cliché, avoided the obvious, and gave direction, let alone information? Is one being unkind when, in reading the encomia awarded Senator Vandenberg for his brilliant states-

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manship, one stops to ask what all the excitement was about? Even Robert Taft's enemies remarked on his intelligence, but to read the Congressional Record for this period is to wonder whether the senior Senator from Ohio understood the dangers that were abroad in the world when Stalin sat in the Kremlin.

The Democratic Party's achievements in opposition —between 1952 and 1960—are no more impressive. For all of the criticism of John Foster Dulles, there was not a single Democrat who succeeded in developing, asserting and communicating a coherent foreign policy different from his. As for understanding the significance of Russia's atomic achievements, the East Berlin rising, the Suez fiasco, the Hungarian Revolution, not to speak of developments in Japan, China, Egypt, Cuba and the Congo, there was not much to choose between Democratic policy and that of the Eisenhower Administration. Attacking the "brinkmanship" of Dulles or the vacuous staff-produced speeches of his Chief was really no substitute for the effort which might have been made. Television—in common with all the other mass media —stood ready to report whatever the Democrats invented, but the image, if it appeared at all, was hopelessly blurred.

In this 1960 election campaign, both candidates were pledged to a debate on foreign policy issues. But how can such a discussion be initiated before kleig lights when for fifteen years the voices on both sides have been confused and inaudible? Who could recall in October 1960 the "Great Debate" of 1957, let alone 1954? Like last year's advertising copy, they were irretrievably lost. What could Mr. Nixon do but maintain the Eisenhower myth that all went well with the nation, that our alliances were strong, our defenses impregnable, and our future secure? What could Mr. Kennedy say but that the Republicans, in their penny-pinching penury, have starved our defenses and denied aid to those who remain uncommitted, and who might otherwise be our friends? As if money—in any amount—could have solved our problems and obliterated the fact that we were impregnable in 1945, that such is no longer our situation, that our stock in the world is declining, and that it is not only Communist propaganda that accounts for our losses. The debate could not be on the issues, for we scarcely knew what they were. We had been left uninstructed; our citizens in New York were no more sensitive to the currents that pass through the world than those living in Sioux City.

A NEW President will be installed in the White House on January 20. Youth will then take over from age, and editorials will herald the day as the start of a new epoch (in the twentieth century, there is a new epoch every eight years). That the new chief executive will be energetic there is every reason to believe. But what about the loser—or, more precisely, the losers? What will they do? Simply wait, with confidence or without it, for 1964? Is time so cheap that its patience can never be tried? Or will somebody among the defeated, dimly aware of the hazards of our time, seize the opportunity to form what we have lacked for so long—an effective and articulate opposition? If a model is required, let it be sought in the career of that Englishman, who, having served his country in war for five years and three months, was, in August 1945, in his own words, "immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs."

A study of Churchill in opposition cannot fail to be instructive to anyone contemplating an analogous (and, hopefully, equally temporary) career for himself. If ever there was a man who might have been forgiven for recalling his warnings of the past, and dwelling on them, it was Churchill in 1945, but he disdained so easy a role. Perhaps recalling Edmund Burke's contempt for "retrospective wisdom," he scorned the crutch that lay at hand, and addressed himself to the problems of the moment.

The American who leads the opposition in 1961 would do well to forget 1945-1960. To know today what one should have done five years ago is relatively easy, and this is not a road which a responsible man travels. It is not important that the opposition have many ideas—a great mind or a great party is seldom burdened with many—but it is essential that it have some, that these be persisted in, and that they be communicated. These ideas cannot be the ideas of the crowd; keeping one's ear to the ground is insurance for hearing nothing.

Nor should the opposition look to others to define the issues; that is its own responsibility. Churchill's ideas were not invented by the *Times* or by the *Observer;* even less were they the work of "experts" called in at a moment of crisis. The opposition must not imagine that being denied "secret Government data" is an impediment; Churchill, in October 1945, spoke of no longer having "the power to 'press the button' and obtain the exact information on any point," but he stated this as a fact, not as an excuse. The opposition must learn how to give warning, not in order to frighten, but to instruct. Free from the daily housekeeping responsibilities of government, it enjoys precisely the distance necessary to accurate observation. Since much of what it will say will be new, it expects to be outrageously treated. Few newspapers and fewer statesmen congratulated Churchill in 1946 for his Fulton, Missouri speech. Churchill recited facts known to informed people, but the notion that an "iron curtain" had descended across the Continent proved unpalatable to many who believed that Stalin's only interest was to protect Europe against a "revived" Germany. Churchill did not think the Russians wanted war; they simply

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wanted "the fruits of war and the indefinite expansion of their power and doctrines." These words seem scarcely excessive in 1960; in 1946 they were sufficient to cause certain journalists to recall Churchill's "warmongering past" and to cite for their readers his reputation for Russophobia.

Churchill knew in 1946 that the Russian power was at its nadir, but he did not long expect it to remain so. It was for this reason that he recommended an immediate peace with the Soviets. "What is needed," he said at Westminister College, "is a settlement, and the longer this is delayed, the more difficult it will be and the greater our dangers will become." The Russians, admiring strength, would not long suffer their military inferiority; when their situation improved, they would be even less amenable to persuasion. Why should Churchill have been able to see this when so many "experts" argued differently?

The answer, in part, is contained in a speech which Churchill gave at the University of Miami in February 1946 where he said: "Expert knowledge, however indispensable, is no substitute for a generous and comprehending outlook upon the human story with all its sadness and with all its unquenchable hope." Churchill's understanding came not from years of experience in British Cabinets; a dozen other politicans might have claimed the same distinction. Nor did it come from his being a "foreign affairs" or a "military affairs" specialist. It derived from his study of history, his constant reflection about the world in which he lived, and his willingness to be moved and angered by it. Churchill's realism reflected neither "hardness" nor "coolness" but a deeply felt sympathy. It was he who urged "magnanimity" on the victors, and spoke with shock of what the Poles were doing in Germany, where millions of Germans were expelled "on a scale grievous and unheard of." These were facts available to any American or European who chose to inform himself. Indifference, even more than fear, suggested that they be ignored.

IF THE opposition that forms in 1961 is to be effective, it must look not only to the present but also to the future. In a revolutionary age, when change is in the saddle, men are often disposed to wait and see. Such is a fatal tactic, for it can only lead to perpetual surprise. Today, as in the past, the great man seeks to preserve that which is worth maintaining, and to reform that which will no longer serve. It is not self-evident which institutions and forms fall into either category, but decision on such matters is essential.

Churchill, speaking in Zurich to a university audience, said in 1946: "I am now going to say something that will astonish you. The first step in the re-creation of the European family must be a partnership between France and Germany. . . . There can be no revival of Europe without a spiritually great France and a spiritually great Germany." At a moment when German factories were being dismantled and war criminals hanged, Churchill looked to the day when both would end and a new Europe arise. What American, in opposition, has ever spoken with equal prescience? Is this a standard which we cannot hope to attain? Or is it possible that in 1961 someone will emerge capable of speaking as much to our problems as Churchill did to those of his day when he said: "At present there is a breathing space. . . . In these present days we dwell strangely and precariously under the shield and protection of the atomic bomb. The atomic bomb is still only in the hands of a state and nation which we know will never use it except in the cause of right and freedom. But it may well be that in a few years this awful agency of destruction will be widespread and the catastrophe following from its use by several warring nations will not only bring to an end all that we call civilization, but may possiby disintegrate the globe itself."

The task which confronts the opposition in 1961 is clear—to give instruction to a society which feels itself imperilled. If the United States is to survive, and check those who would destroy it, the world must be presented as it is, and not as our romantic or parochial intelligence would wish it to be. To grasp facts—however unpalatable—and to make the sacrifice they indicate is a first requirement. Sacrifice, however, must be thought of in other than dollar terms, or the world will take the United States for what the Russians claim it to be.

The importance of time—of the moment—must be recognized. Tomorrow is too late for most things. The mistakes of 1945-1960 cannot be undone in many instances, but new ones, of comparable gravity, need not be made. Some attempt must be made at prophecy, since to live only in the present is to live as no wise man does, and as no nation can. History must form part of the American education or sight will be lost of that tragic component in life without which no sense of urgency is possible. The opposition must press for actions that are humane and generous, while understanding that sentimentality is a snare and weakness a sin. Pride should be encouraged in those things which do us honor, but no effort should be spared in correcting those things which we know to be wrong. The United States must be just, to itself, to its friends, but also to its enemies. It must seek the respect of other nations, understanding it to be the basis of enduring friendship; it can never be taken for granted. There must be no patronizing of others, lest we be guilty of the worst sin of all, which is self-delusion.

Any man able to form an opposition dedicated to these ends may not be President in 1964, but of him, a future historian may wish to say: "He deserved well of the Republic."

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A PROTESTANT VIEW

Postscript for Catholics

by ROMAINE L. GARDNER

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

BY THE TIME this article is in print, the Presidential election will be over, and the results known. As I write, however, the ballots have not yet been cast, and Alice and Senator Kennedy seem to be in a similar predicament. He could "say what he meant" but many of his religious critics found it impossible to believe that he "meant what he said." As one West Texas Baptist organization put it in a resolution: Senator John F. Kennedy was "either denying the teaching of his church or seeking to delude the American people." Against this kind of argument, Senator Kennedy could as well follow the example of Alice, and sit silently thinking over what he could remember about ravens and writing-desks.

Why is it that many Protestants contemplated the possible election of Senator Kennedy with fear and trembling after he had declared *ad nauseam* his opposition to sending an Ambassador to the Vatican, support of public schools and his resistance to governmental aid to parochial schools, his declaration of independent judgment apart from possible Papal pressures, his unqualified affirmation to the principle of the separation of Church and State and even his offer to resign the Presidency should his conscience stand in the way of his fulfilling his oath of office? What was it that caused many Protestants, clergy and laity alike, to view with suspicion the election of a Roman Catholic to the Presidency of the United States, in spite of the fact that the candidate had said what he meant on the Church-State issue and apparently meant what he said?

One might, as many newspapers seem to have done, pass off this suspicion as simply the product of bigots and hate-mongers intent upon slandering the Roman Catholic Church. One might say that distaste for a Roman Catholic's occupying the White House is shared only by those ignorant enough to read "I Was a Nun," "House of Death," and the bogus Knights of Columbus Oath as gospel truth. Or one might attribute opposition to Senator Kennedy on religious grounds to Republicans who found this their most effective political weapon.

To an extent, these accusations contain some truth. There are those whose hate for the Roman Catholic Church is their *raison d'être.* There are people eager to blame somebody for their slipping on a banana peel, and a Catholic is just as likely to have left it there as the next fellow. And if there are people ignorant enough to listen to television commercials as absolute truth (and there apparently are), why shouldn't they believe someone who tells them Thomas Jefferson had doubts about the acceptability of Catholics' holding political office? Further, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if a Republican could be found somewhere who discovered he could make political hay out of the "religious issue" in his district and decided to go ahead and make it.

And yet, what about the others? What about the Democrat who is fair-minded and intelligent, yet still had misgivings about electing a Roman Catholic President? What about the men and women who are fair-minded enough to see the injustice in denying the Presidency to a man solely because he happens to have been baptized a Roman Catholic and who yet felt a shiver down to their sacroiliac at the thought of it? What about the citizens who are intelligent enough to recognize the hate literature that was widely circulated as the garbage it is and who fear the divisive effect it could have on our country, and yet who conscientiously pondered the changes in our democracy a Roman Catholic President might bring about? What about the loyal Democrat who actually wondered if Senator Kennedy really did "mean what he says"?

IT IS MY feeling that part of the reluctance by such men and women to accept the words of Senator Kennedy at face value was due to the perennial apologia of Catholic people and the Catholic press for the actions of the Roman Catholic Church, past and present. They just cannot believe it when a Roman Catholic refuses to make excuses and offer justification for the actions of his church here and abroad, from time immemorial.

It is one thing to believe in the *ecclesia purissima,*

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the One True Church. It is quite another to justify the actions of every priest or prelate, abbot or altar boy, treatise or tractatus this body has ever produced. And since Senator Kennedy obviously believes in the former but refused to follow so many of his Catholic brethren in doing the latter, those not Roman Catholics could not help but wonder if he really meant what he said.

Take, for example, Catholic reaction to the Church-State situation in Franco's Spain. One source after another has pointed to the suppression of religious freedom, as we know it in America, of Protestants and Jews in that country. And yet one American Catholic after another, one Catholic newspaper or periodical after another, seeks to minimize in some way the injustice of this situation; to assassinate the character of the man who makes the claims, if he is an easy target such as a Paul Blanshard; or to remain silent. Here is an instance of the perennial apologia which made it so difficult for many people to believe Senator Kennedy meant what he said when he took a stand against such a situation.

It may seem a little ridiculous to hold Senator John F. Kennedy responsible for the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre and the Spanish Inquisition, yet so long as Catholics themselves fail to speak out in criticism of such events in Roman Catholic history, they will remain with us as contemporary sins, unconfessed, unforgiven and for which penance is still required. As a Protestant, I seek no excuse for the murder of Servetus at the hands of the Calvinists, the immorality of Henry VIII, or the frequent vulgarity of "our beloved" Martin Luther. They are facts in the history of Protestantism which are confessed, forgiven and, hopefully, forgotten. Is it asking so much to expect Catholics to follow the same course?

It was, clearly, more than a little unfair for Protestants to expect John Kennedy to exculpate the thoughts and actions of Roman Catholics the world around and to doubt his honesty when he did not. And yet Protestants have heard the usual kind of Catholic defense so long and so often that people did find it hard to accept at face value his statement that "I am not the Roman Catholic candidate for President" and his refusal to go to bat for the Church at every point. And I am convinced that it is the perennial indulgence in apologia by American Catholics and the Catholic press which put Senator Kennedy in Alice's dilemma.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!" Perhaps if so many American Catholics did not feel this compulsion constantly to defend every Roman Catholic action, past and present, then people would not have thought it so curious to see a grin without a cat—to hear a Catholic who did not defend such actions—and they could then more easily believe he "meant what he said."

TWO POEMS

by Pierre Henri Delattre

AWAKENING

Soldiers heaped across the world
Sleep like a snow tonight upon
The first bright grass:
The warm weather of peace
Waits to surprise them.

In morning's forgotten sun
Armies will awake melting with
Unspent pain to find again
The earth to heat their seed within
And guns piled high will
Rust like mountains; blood crust
Flake with dead fallen leaves
To feed brave energies gone
Underground, and quiet oceans
Quench the volcanoes of our dread.

Such maple years will then
Love the sky that bombs will rot
Among the fruit, unspoken peace
Exist, while all the injured,
Crying war, war, will despair of war
For lack of armies to resist.

TO MY BROTHER

In the hurt corners of your eyes, brother,
I pick this flower which I gave him when
The upheaval of his joy
Tore us apart—and sent you
Stumbling in a field of stones,
To leave me suffering from incessant grace.

Although you bred your lambs most carefully
To give him feast,
He turned his face and put his hand
Like random on my head.
For this I have drunk
Golden seasons in your stead.

You still go gathering stones against me.
Stop. See how, as if upon a whim,
I pick this remnant of your love for me
From out your eye. It is that simple.
Now, since you still covet my so safe a place,
Go you do likewise unto him.

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The Two Italies

by JOHN J. NAVONE

THE DRUMBEAT of history for Italy's North has usually been steady and measured, far from its erratic and spasmodic tattoo in the South. And nowhere is it louder than in the factories. Whereas South Italy is known for misery-ridden towns in Calabria and Sicily, North Italy boasts the "golden triangle," the thriving industrial triumvirate of the three great cities of Genoa, Turin and Milan.

The merchants of the North are realists without illusion or self-pity; they tend to address each other simply as *Signore,* dispensing with the pompous and multitudinous titles of South Italy. In this cool temperate zone, Italians are alert, practical, dynamic, sure of themselves and, above all, able to smell a good business deal. They dislike wasting time on non-essentials; time is money. Businessmen from Genoa and Bologna sneer at the Roman siesta and inveigh against the Southern habit of long lunch hours.

The face of North Italy radiates the "economic miracle." The factories of Turin produce automobiles, trucks and textiles; rails and ties, girders and rivets pour out of the mills at Genoa; plastics, precision instruments and machine tools stream from Milan.

The Milanese are the New Yorkers of Europe, loaded with optimism and drive. They enjoy an average income which is one of the highest in Europe. And although the million and a half Milanese form only three per cent of Italy's population, they contribute well over twenty-six per cent of the national tax revenue. The people of Milan, Europe's drug and leather goods capital, sometimes jokingly threaten to secede and join Switzerland. If they did, the remainder of Italy would sink in economic significance to the level of Spain or Yugoslavia.

Northern Italian businessmen have become Italy's "industrial colonizers," pushing their operations into more than thirty countries, challenging bigger and more experienced neighbors. Their projects now include: a three hundred fifty million dollar dam in Southern Rhodesia, bids to build pipelines from Russia into four satellite states, a power plant in Pakistan, three chemical plants and a synthetic-textile plant in Russia, partnership in a West Virginia plastics plant, a typewriter factory in Brazil, a plant to produce modern railroad rolling stock in Argentina, a fertilizer plant in India, a land-reclamation project in Egypt, oil prospecting in Iran, Libya, Morocco and the Sudan, and countless other projects.

Italy, long Europe's second nation in population, has now become Western Europe's third industrial producer. The big financial firms of Fiat, Olivetti, Necchi, Montecatini, Edison, Innocenti, Piaggio, Eni, Snia, and others have made Italy one of the world's leading industrial powers, and a major technological center setting standards in industrial design and engineering. "Italian industry poses a threat to West Germany." This statement of the West German trade journal *"Industriekurir"* is perhaps the greatest tribute yet paid to the Italian "miracle." Within the last four years the Italian economy has developed faster than that of any other European nation, with a national income increase of about ten per cent annually, with the lira completely stabilized, and with an accumulation of over $3.2 billion of foreign exchange (exceeding the reserves of the British Treasury).

NORTHERN Italy creates Italy's wealth. Southern Italy consumes it. Italy's steady and rapid industrial advance has enriched the northern cities more than it has reduced the poverty of the destitute South. These two areas were separated even before the Middle Ages, when the North had its flourishing city-states while the South was exploited and ruthlessly pillaged by successive regimes, with the Papal States ruled by Rome spread like a no-man's-land across the peninsula. History has made Italy two different countries. North Italy has always been materially and spiritually attached to the European continent; south Italy is a Mediterranean country.

The South and political instability trouble the Second Face of Italy. All through the area below Rome and in the islands, millions of people know only living conditions of the utmost misery. In almost complete destitution, they pass their existence in caves cut out of steep hillsides, in hovels and huts clinging like barnacles to the barren mountains.

Multiplying much faster than the rest of the country, the Southerner must leave his land. Before the First World War America was his Eldorado. Entire towns were emptied as over half a million people left Italy each year. The 17th of March 1921 was, therefore, a black day for the South: America called a halt to

Mr. Navone, a Jesuit scholastic, appears in The Commonweal for the first time.

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immigration. Even today, restrictive immigration laws and policies of wealthier nations rule out the possibility of emigration for Italy's 1.8 million unemployed. For these nineteen million Italians of the South, congested in an area the size of Tennessee, industrialization is undoubtedly the key to the future.

In spite of the Government's development projects and substantial measures favoring the establishment of new industries, the South has failed to attract capital on anything like the scale of the rest of the country. Gross investments last year in the South amounted to $1,350 million and in the rest of Italy to nearly $4,600 million, much of which would have been spent on improving and extending industrial concerns, whereas a good deal of the sum for the South would have covered basic development schemes. The captains of industry from the "golden triangle" have a national social obligation to apply their genius to the solution of the Southern Problem. If they are remiss, the intense and steady activity of the Communists working in the South will bear bitter fruit for the entire nation.

Unemployment and the great lack of economic equilibrium between North and South seriously jeopardize Italy's social and political stability. Consequently, the most important factor behind Italy's political aims is found in her insistence on the free migration of labor within the Common Market. In pressing for closer European cooperation and an early union, Italy hopes to solve her social problems.

The defects of the Italian political system form the basis for well-grounded apprehensions for Italy's future. The two greatest weaknesses are: the intrinsic unsteadiness of Italy's multi-party system; and how slight a variation in parliamentary voting could change Italian foreign policy. Multi-party democracy rarely works unless one party is in itself strong enough to govern. If, as is the case for Italy's governing Christian Democratic Party, it has to rely on others for support, the result is wavering and uncertainty. This is especially true when, as in Italy, a massive Communist apparatus remains intact and menacing.. Italy's present Government seeks new direction under the leadership of Premier Fanfani, whose ideas conform to the majority opinion in the country. This seems to be anti-Communist, liberal, anti-Fascist, egalitarian and socially progressive. It is to be hoped that the Fanfani Government meets with success in tackling the problem of the South and readjusting Italy's political machinery. As long as the Italian economy remains strong and the people continue to be sufficiently indifferent to governmental affairs, the nation can carry on. As the French Third and Fourth Republics proved, a modern nation-state can go on its own momentum for many years with weak governments. However, a day of reckoning always comes. Italy would be wise to put her house in order—before it crumbles.

COMPLINE: TRAPPIST ABBEY OF NEW MELLERAY

This morning
outside the chapel doors
in the hollow square
formed by poplars
beneath a cross of black iron
they buried
with the others
the fourth abbot of this place.

In hooded habit
scapular over the face
on the usual plank
they lowered him
into thawing April dirt
a white seed to resurrection.

This evening
in the barns
and the arching hallways
the smell of turned earth
hangs heavy
a reminder of graves
and harvests.

On the hills
herds stand hides glistening
in the glare of the falling fireball
the bulls uneasy, waiting.
Blackbirds scatter
from the tall tower
as the clanging compline bell calls dark.

Cold
from the quarries
and the clumped stalks of corn
white shrouded monks meet
in the flicker wall chapel
for last praises of the day.

The chanting ends.
From the high altar
the celebrant turns
in the slow sunburst blessing by bread.
In darkness now
cowl caved remembrance of the dead
night prayer voices of smoke rising:
In thy fields Master we grow among rocks
until gathered into dark barns
hear us in the silence
show us the door of Lazarus
A morte perpetua
parce nobis Domine.

JAMES BONK.

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A Spoiled Poet

by HORACE GREGORY

WHAT IS wrong in the life and writings of John Middleton Murry (1889-1957)? This may seem an ungenerous, even impertinent question to ask, and if one is to dwell on his wrongness, why trouble to mention him at all? To answer this one says: "Murry is interesting; among twentieth century critics, he is archetypical, and though not greatly famous—his name is still sometimes confused with Sir Gilbert Murray's—his career held elements of success. Through the fame of other writers, notably T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and Katherine Mansfield, his first wife, his name will be remembered." Moreover, to see his wrongness clearly, one must view his merits first of all; his appearances of being in the right, his ambitions to be valiantly creative and to entertain large, not mean, ideas.

The fascination of reading Murry's autobiography, *Between Two Worlds* (1935) is in its far too easily assumed air of candor, the candor of a man who promises the reader and himself to strip to the bone, then finds he can't—which is the self-deception of a man who tries to convince the world he is all too human, yet carries in his breast "a simple heart." Within the last year there have been published a brilliantly poised biography, *The Life of John Middleton Murry* by F. A. Lea (Oxford, $6.50) and a selection of Murry's essays, *Selected Criticism* 1916-1957, (Oxford, $7), skillfully edited by Richard Rees. These present the best of Murry; the defects of his attempts at candid self-revelation are neatly covered, and he now reappears in the image by which he was known to his friends.

The image that his friends saw was that of the handsome, dark-haired, dark-eyed, precocious, "profile like Dante's," enthusiastic young man who had come down to Paris and London from Brasenose, Oxford. He was not only entertained by ideas, but ideas seemed to possess him and in conversation he visibly swept himself and his hearers off their feet. He was the beau ideal of scholarship students in the Humanities. That he had been pushed too hard by an ambitious father who was determined (through his own failure to do so) that his son rise far above his class was not discernible. This struggle was concealed by Murry's youthful charm and energy. What his friends saw were the results of well-schooled industry in gaining high placement as he took "Greats."

Throughout his life he never lost his ability to write on demand. He could always clothe his ideas with general statements that suited the urgencies of a given moment—which was why he never moved far ahead of his time, yet always seemed to be in the thick of "movements" and "tendencies." Murry's words had also acquired the charms of an Oxford accent (sharply noted by D. H. Lawrence in his portrait of him in "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman").

AT BRASENOSE before World War I the ideas that possessed Murry were of a kind which encouraged pluralism in belief and thinking and which also meant that beliefs could be enthusiastically accepted (for the sake of argument) and readily dropped. The shadow of Walter Pater's influence, his relativism, his shunning of absolutes, his rejection of Orthodoxies both moral and theological, remained. Pater's philosophic skepticism to a young man like Murry who sought release from the rigors of being the ideal student was an open door to a world of moral confusions and lack of discrimination. Murry retained the habits of industry; these were firmly grounded; they supported him always. They provided visible foundations for enthusiasms that ranged from Henri Bergson to Karl Marx.

Murry's lack of discrimination led him all too readily into hero-worship of Frank Harris. The personality of this thoroughly specious "man of letters," author of *The Man Shakespeare* and a tear-jerking life of Oscar Wilde, charmed him. Harris's "radicalism" was a compound of bourgeois glitter, cheap journalism, and sharp practices in thinking and exposition. (Even today an American book club offers his *Oscar Wilde* for sale, a "down-talking" gesture, I believe, to lure the public.) Murry's early infatuation with Harris is, I think, significant.

However facile Murry's expression of timely warnings and beliefs became, one must be careful to absolve him of insincerity. His literary opinions flourished from the broad base of London-bred British romanticism. In that sense he was in the tradition of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt. He sought the "creative life,"

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as well as the "new" literature which was represented by the writings of Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence. Borrowing a phrase from Keats, Murry pursued the trials and errors of "soul-making," which in Murry's hazardous domestic career, his unhappy relationships with three wives, seemed to justify, to rationalize at least, his lack of balance. It should be admitted that "soul-making" cannot be accomplished overnight.

DURING THE age (1912-1955) through which he lived, the mutations of Murry's career as critic, editor and contributor to the London *Times Literary Supplement,* show his sensitivity to the changing intellectual fashions of the hour. He did not bend with all of them; he was attracted by Impressionism, Protestantism in its broadest and weakest sense, a Christian attitude rather than theological discernment, Socialism, Communism—and even, for a short time, "peace at any price."

His flirtation with Communism was brief enough, more of a temporary reflex than a conversion. He was forced to identify himself with "wholeness" in others—and this with attendant disillusionments and discontents. Like a "spoiled priest," he was a spoiled poet; the poems he wrote were editorials—and mediocre—and his failure is stressed by his praise of Whitman as "the poet of democracy," a critical platitude that is difficult to forgive.

As a publicist, and through the opposing influences of D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot, Murry was at his best voicing the problems of leadership in the world through which he moved—he at least saw that the problems had crucial meaning—yet his solutions were humanitarian, not humane, and did not advance beyond *The Social Contract* of Rousseau—a fatal error in what Murry called "creative thinking." If his studies in Keats and Shakespeare fail, it is because they are at once too impressionistic and too dependent upon secondary sources of information—and his study, *The Life of Jesus,* is an embarrassing adventure in self-identification.

As writer and critic Murry clung to generalities rather than particulars, and in these, his pluralism served him ill; he could run with C. K. Chesterton on Chaucer or attempt to keep pace with D. H. Lawrence on the subjects of sex and psychoanalysis. His very language could not "make things new—" it lacked dramatic sharpness, wit, and precision—which is why the reader of his essays is likely to find them hazy and gray.

As a man he fulfilled his obligations to Katherine Mansfield's literary career, and his unfortunate second wife did her best to imitate Mansfield's looks, dress, and manners, and even went so far as to die, like Mansfield, of tuberculosis. Since Murry was friend, editor and critic, there is no doubt Lawrence "used" him to advance his own career, but in doing so, he suffered the Judas-like retaliation of one who could not detach himself, of one who sought "involvement," (a common disease of critics), of one who could not see truth in other than self-deceptive terms. After Lawrence's and his wife Frieda's deaths, Murry claimed to have had "an affair" with Frieda and that Lawrence on his death-bed held a letter in his hand that Murry had sent him. These are stories worthy of Murry's early admiration of Frank Harris. And aside from their validity, their taste is, at the very least, dubious. Was this his last revenge?

The last stage of Murry's career was that of a prosperous English farmer, happy in the confident affection of his fourth wife. He had accomplished his father's defeated ambition to be a respected member of society.

An Exchange of Views

"Protestants in Latin America"

San Juan de la Maguana,
Dominican Republic.

TO THE EDITORS: The September 9th issue of The Commonweal with the article "Protestants in Latin America" came tardily to my hands. It is all to the good that Father Jabusch should again call attention to the activities of the fundamentalist sects in Latin America. He is perhaps more generous than I would be on the positive religious values of a preaching that too often betrays so much ignorance and hatred. But the one point in this excellent article to which I would take exception is the remarks about the "unbending, almost arrogant, attitude of many [Catholic] missionaries from Spain." This is in alleged contrast to the more affable and broader apostolate of Catholic missionaries from North America.

The important fact is that in many Latin American countries the Spanish clergy have been and are the overworked heroes of the apostolate. French Canada has made its noble contribution of missionaries. The

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Catholic Church of the United States, for its size and resources, has as yet done comparatively little. But where the native clergy were utterly insufficient, the bulk of the hardest work has been carried by the Spanish Provinces of the great Orders—and more recently shared by hundreds of the Spanish diocesan clergy.

I believe that the Latin-American bishops would be in general agreement that the Spanish clergy for the last two decades have been in the forefront of every phase of the modern apostolates and that a warm cordiality and affability would be quite as evident in them as in missionaries from other lands. Here, where we have a very fine and international clergy—Belgians, Canadians, Americans and Spaniards—I find the last unequalled in winning souls to Christ by their gaiety, patience, understanding and love.

✠ THOMAS F. REILLY, C.SS.R.,
Prelate Nullius of San Juan de la Maguana.

Bogotá, Columbia.

TO THE EDITORS: I have just read the article of the Rev. Williard E. Jabusch in your magazine about Protestants in Latin America, and I feel the need of becoming a total protestant . . . of it.

I am a Catholic and Jesuit priest from Cuba, now in Bogotá, and well aware by myself of the Protestant issues all throughout Latin America. The article of Jabusch is a characteristic sample of both ignorance and prejudice, to speak frankly. He is translating to the religious Latin American field the same kind of fool policy that the Department of State in so many ways has displayed. I suppose good will is a barrier against falling in hell; but sometimes the leap is so high and strong that I am beginning to doubt.

The real consequence of this wrong article is that Protestantism is a real benefit and a true good and blessing for Latin America, since it is bringing us the actual Christian faith instead of the falsified religion the Spanish gave us. May a Catholic and a priest sign such an assertion?

(Rev.) GUSTAVUS AMIGO JANSEN, S.J.

REPLY

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: In my article "Protestants in Latin America," I said that the rather small number of American priests who have gone to Latin America have been well received since their typically dynamic and friendly approach "is a happy contrast to the unbending, almost arrogant, attitude of many missionaries from Spain who brought with them a superiority complex and chauvinism which was not appreciated by former colonials." I would certainly agree with Bishop Reilly that there are many other Spanish priests in Latin America who equal any North American in apostolic energy and sympathy.

However, after talking to native priests and lay people in Latin America and with Latin American students and workers here in the United States, I am afraid that the over-all impression left by the Spaniards (we need not limit it to the clergy) has not been a favorable one.

I believe that the reception given such a book as Father Urteaga's *El Valor Divino De Lo Humano* in Spain and Latin America is understandable only in the light of the religious situation in those countries. The scandal caused by this book among so many superficial Catholics and the enthusiasm it has generated among many younger men (it is now in its seventh edition) indicates the very pressing need for a virile, unsentimental presentation of our Faith in those countries which have been evangelized by Spain. A Buenos Aires university student told me that he wished the powerful pages of this book would be posted on the walls of every university and seminary in Argentina.

There can be no doubt that more and more Spanish missionaries in Latin America are doing their best to erase the bitterness and ignorance of the past and to meet the present challenge in a strong and creative way. A good example is the apostolate among students and professional men of the secular institute "Opus Dei." The priests and laymen of this institute, who combine a deep spirituality with intellectual competence, have been able to adapt themselves to modern needs and to identify themselves with the people among whom they live and work in the various South American countries.

Concerning the letter of the Cuban Jesuit, it is clear that he completely missed the point of my article. This may have been due to his difficulty in understanding English or he may have been blinded by an emotional distrust of the United States, an attitude which is not uncommon.

In any case, I would refer him to the report published by the Inter-American Catholic Action Week held in Chimbote, Peru, in 1953 and that of the Catholic Action Week held near Montevideo in 1956 for documentation which could hardly be accused of Yankee bias. His letter betrays the hurt pride of an exaggerated Hispanism which would seek to be an indispensable condition for preserving the orthodoxy of the Faith. North American priests, on the other hand, working in Latin America or among the Puerto Ricans and Mexicans in the United States, tend to be somewhat less impressed with Hispanic paternalism when faced with the superstition and complacency resulting from prolonged Spanish refusal to develop a native clergy, a practical catechesis, and a true appreciation of the Mass and the Sacraments.

(Rev.) WILLARD F. JABUSCH.

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THE SCREEN

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

IT IS a pleasure to report that the latest of the Rossellini films to be shown in this country is in a class with his famous war movies, "Open City" and "Paisan." In fact, I was even more stirred by "General Della Rovere" than by these earlier films that created such a sensation here. Like them, "Rovere" is set in Italy during World War II. Perhaps Roberto Rossellini is intent on proving that the horrors of war bring out the worst and best in man—although one of his finest pictures, a minor masterpiece called "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," only touches on war. In any case, "Rovere" tells the story of an Italian con man, a despicable heel who swindles his fellow countrymen in 1943 when the Germans have occupied northern Italy and are ruthlessly throwing Italians, particularly partisans, into prison camps. Then this sneaky Bardone, who has a series of aliases and a criminal record, gets money out of the prisoners' families by pretending to be a colonel with enough influence to win the release of their loved ones. Sometimes he really tries, but more often he just gambles the money away.

Even Colonel Mueller, the German S.S. Commander in Genoa, is shocked at Bardone's unpatriotic duplicity —but not so shocked that he doesn't take advantage of it. He forces this slick Italian operator to impersonate General della Rovere, a now-dead Italian officer whom the British smuggled into the occupied zone to get in touch with the partisan leader wanted by the Germans. Mueller puts Bardone, posing as Rovere, in San Vittore with the other political prisoners—using him first as a decoy and then hopefully as an informer and spy to trap the partisan leader. What happens to this depraved and corrupt Bardone in prison where he has to assume the character of the noble Rovere is what gives meaning to this deeply moving film.

Some viewers may criticize Rossellini's stark realism in the opening scenes, which depict the lower depths to which Bardone has fallen, but these detailed episodes are part of the whole in a screenplay that makes no attempt at all to whitewash its scoundrel-hero. Neither Rossellini nor his scriptwriters (Sergio Amidei, Diego Fabri, Indro Montanelli) are interested in sparing our feelings in portraying Bardone, and the heights to which he rises are all the more impressive because of the level from which he came. Furthermore, Vittorio de Sica's superb performance in this lead role gives the entire picture a quality of high sincerity in keeping with its edifying finale. Bardone is a weak man, but even at his worst, when he is preying on the unfortunate, a shred of decency shows through. De Sica does this

You can be **THE ANSWER...** *to a prayer!*

In her little dispensary on Guadalcanal Sister Joan prays . . . for a small bottle of silver nitrate . . . to prevent blindness in the new born babies.

In Kerala, India, Sister Mary prays . . . for baby food for the infants who are brought into the hospital starving . . and promises a month of extra Rosaries if it arrives in time.

Will you be the answer to thousands of prayers like these?

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portrait so well that later when the change comes, he is thoroughly convincing as the Bardone-Rovere who proves himself a patriot and hero.

Rossellini's thoughtful direction is evident again and again throughout his absorbing film, especially in the prison scenes and two in particular near the finale: when the tortured Bardone-Rovere reads a letter from the Contessa della Rovere, and later when there are gathered in one room twenty men, ten of whom are to be executed, men who have cause to be reflective and prayerful. Outstanding in Rossellini's large cast are Hannes Messemer who is excellent as the coldly calculating German colonel, Vittorio Caprioli as an Italian prisoner, Baronessa Barzani as Contessa della Rovere, Anne Vernon as a Bardone victim who outsmarts the crook, and others all of whom contribute to the whole. And "General Della Rovere" is a picture to be considered as a whole. It has faults, particularly in its excessive length, but outnumbering them by far are its many assets; and the greatest of these shines through the entire film: Rossellini's compassion for his fellow men.

AMONG OTHER recent imports are a trio of comedies from France, none of them a world-beater but all three satires on our times with points of of interest. As one might expect from the title, "A Dog, a Mouse and a Sputnik" kids the space age. Comedian Noel Noel is a delight as a very willful Frenchman who insists on preserving his individuality; and that's just what he does when a Soviet capsule falls into his garden and he refuses to give up the dog and mouse that are its passengers. After a lot of slapstick, he finally surrenders and then goes to Moscow with his wife (Denise Grey) and the experimental animals. Before propelling him off into orbit with a Russian professor (Mischa Auer), the picture wanders through several scenes razzing the Soviet. Some of this is mildly amusing, but what it needs are the completely zany touches of the Jacques Tati comedies.

JEAN RENOIR, who has made such thoughtful and handsome films as "Grand Illusion," "The Southerner" and "The River," does achieve the zany heights in "Picnic on the Grass." Produced, written and directed by Renoir, this is a wild and crazy comedy about a biologist who hopes to improve the human race through artifical insemination—until he has an adventure in the woods which convinces him that good, old-fashioned nature has its advantages. While this picture has some exquisitely beautiful scenes, in Eastmancolor, that even the director's famous father would have enjoyed painting, and while it has some hilarious episodes that effectively mix surrealism with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the film as a whole is so formless that the viewer is never quite sure what's up. If Renoir meant to shock us (as Manet's painting, *"Le Dejeuner sur L'Herbe,"* which gives the film its title, shocked the critics in 1863) he hasn't succeeded. But neither has he been entirely successful at making a screwball comedy. With a little more thought and effort, he could have crashed through.

ATTEMPTING similar satire is "The Love Game" which has some lovely black-and-white photography of Paris and an awful lot of kidding of everything—including the New Wave films themselves. It too tells a story that seems designed to shock its audience, a slight tale about a young fellow and a young girl who live together and quarrel continuously, except when they're making love or dancing deliriously around the antique shop they run. The main cause of their quarrels is that she wants to have a baby and he doesn't, because first they'd have to get married. How she wins him to her point of view is told in a series of lyrical and youthfully enthusiastic scenes that wander all over town and even into the country. At times "The Love Game" is too absurd; and director Philippe de Broca allows its jokes with the flushing toilets and frank sex to become repetitious. No doubt many of France's New Wave pictures deserve this kind of kidding, but even the burlesque can become as tasteless as the original. Best parts of "The Love Game" are handled by Jean-Pierre Cassel and Genevieve Cluny whose dancing feet and *joie de vivre* are almost contagious.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

APPEALS FOR LITERATURE

An Association of Sisters has been formed in Pakistan for cooperative effort by the various orders on certain problems. Its first project is to develop a lending library for the Sisters, as a number of convents there have available very little in the way of spiritual or other reading. Books may be sent at low cost in small packages not weighing more than 6 lbs., 9 oz. They should be sent to the President of the Association: *Sister Philip Mary, F. C., St. Joseph's Convent, Karachi 3, Pakistan.*

The headquarters of the All Kerala Catholic Congress conducts a Tourist Home for people of every creed and caste together with a free library and reading room. "Several distinguished persons who are fond of literature dealing with sociology, religion and politics frequent this institution. But books and periodicals especially foreign and of a high standard at our disposal are quite inadequate to meet the need." Material should be addressed to: *The Librarian, The A.K.C.C. Library and Reading Room, Kottayam, Kerala State, South India.*

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Brickbats and Bouquets

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

"NO PRAISE can flatter, unless it comes from someone who is also free to blame," said Beaumarchais, and this holds true for children's books. Still, the ever-increasing number of books published yearly and the relatively limited space allotted children's book reviews have more or less given rise to one or the other of the following policies: either mention of only those books which, among good ones, seem the most commendable, or non-discriminating description of every book, followed by a line of appreciation for whatever in it can be found, sometimes after considerable effort, worth praising.

From "Children's Bible" (Helicon)

The first method is the one I have followed. Its advantage lies in the fact that whatever space is allotted is entirely filled with books worth praising from the reviewer's point of view. It should be remembered, however, that the praise herein is not necessarily unreserved, though the reservations may not appear in the notice for lack of space. Further, the absence of a book from a list is far from pointing always to adverse criticism. Many a good book has to be left out of a list for a variety of non-critical, practical reasons.

What is worthwhile considering here is that whether the reviewer uses the first or second method makes no great difference—in either case, criticism *per se,* which involves blame as well as praise, is absent. Yet, would not parents, authors, publishers and eventually children, profit greatly from some critical remarks on juvenile books? Such criticism might not be as convincing as a spectacular climb on a sales chart, but it might set a few people to thinking and help others to avoid throwing our cultural heritage carelessly to the wind.

Mrs. Bishop is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are the following: *All Alone, Augustus, The Big Loop, Blue Spring Farm, The Man Who Lost His Head, Pancakes-Paris, Toto's Triumph, Twenty and Ten, Bernard and His Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, The Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Happy Christmas! Martin de Porres, Here,* and, most recently, *Lafayette: French-American Hero.*

Be that as it may, it is the duty of the reviewer to do more than hand out bouquets to writers and illustrators of children's books, saying, as all of us do too often, that "they mean so well and work so hard." Not that this is not true—I know it to be so personally—but, of course, such statements have never had anything to do with sound literary or artistic criticism, and children's books are no exception. Therefore, for once anyway, I will avail myself of the reviewer's freedom to blame and I will explain why two books at least were not listed here this year. The fact that they are books by gifted people and published by good publishers makes it worth our while to give these books a little of our critical attention.

What were the reasons for not listing these books? Both works disclose a certain trend which I have noticed repeatedly in some recent books, a trend towards what I will call lack of reverence. I hold that this lack of reverence leads to a corruption of taste and, ultimately, to a loss of sense of values. Particularly, there is no doubt in my mind that the author, illustrator and publisher of *How St. Francis Tamed the Wolf* did not mean to be disrespectful. And I do not mean to suggest that books about saints should be solemn and that the saints should wear long faces. But there is a difference between presenting a saint to children gaily or doing it riotously. This book is going to be a child's introduction to a great human figure; what do we want that first contact to be? Of course, we do not want the child to feel hopelessly removed from the saint. But do we want the child to feel that the hero, though lovable, is a funny guy? Adults are free to think that St. Francis may have looked both daffy and saintly. But children are more direct; if their first impression of St. Francis is that of a funny man, this will stay with them as the one true representation. Is that what we want?

There is no dearth of good picture books about St. Francis where reverence does not exclude gaiety. It

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is not necessary to go back to Boutet de Monvel's, as great as that was. There are modern pictorial treatments which, to my mind, can nurture the right kind of representation about St. Francis in a little child. Besides the *St. Francis* of Pelagie Doane recommended here last May, there are, to mention only a few, the quiet and sensitive *Song of St. Francis* by C. R. Bulla and the fresh, vivid and so authentically Italian *St. Francis and the Animals* of Leo Politi which was on The Commonweal list last year. Books about saints can be gay, even humorous, but any suggestion of fun-poking, no matter how unintentional, should be avoided.

WHAT IS true about a great human figure holds for the presentation of the classics. It is argued that the classics are so foreign to the average American child that they have to be introduced surreptitiously in order to capture his attention. And what better way to do this than by making him laugh? To wit, *The Adventures of Ulysses,* told by Jacques Le Marchand and illustrated by André François. If the aim is popularity there is little doubt that it will be attained—children, via purchasing parents, will "go" for this book, with its sparkling, lively, hilarious pictures by a gifted artist and its text studded with clever colloquialisms. But what kind of feeling, let alone idea, will the children form about *The Odyssey?* Not very far removed from a slapstick comedy. Is that what we want? *The Odyssey* is a great poem, and Homer is one of mankind's treasures. The children are entitled to that heritage. What sort of an introduction is it which puts ridicule ahead of beauty?

But why pick on the American edition of a book which comes originally from France and enjoys considerable popularity there as well as in England? The difference lies in the fact that in France and in England this book is not likely to be an *introduction* to *The Odyssey*. There, school and home bring constant familiarity with Homer's work. The air is saturated with it, so to speak, and the child breathes a sense of the grandeur of the work long before he is able to read the whole text. This is the very reason he can enjoy, adequately, MM. Le Marchand's and François' book—imbued with the feeling of the great and the beautiful, he can fully appreciate a tongue-in-cheek interpretation. Acquainted first with the true dimensions of the work of art, he can laugh all the more at a farcical take-off, and this without losing a sense of values.

When it comes to most American children, however, this is not the case. The book in question will be their first contact with Homer, and its atmosphere of guffaw—not gaiety—which borders on burlesque, is apt to start them on the wrong track in their evaluation of Homer and hence rob them of the possibility of a lifelong and every-increasing enjoyment of a cultural treasure.

It is interesting to note that the blurb for *The Adventures of Ulysses* speaks of "sardonic" text and pictures. Exactly. And what kind of introduction to Homer is that? A good one, it is argued, since the children will come to love Homer. The only trouble I can see is that it is not Homer they will love. The blurb errs again when it claims that this edition differs from others which are "cheerless." Gaiety can exist without jeering and sophistication, which are out of place anyway in children's books. Could anyone, to give only one example, call cheerless *The Iliad and Odyssey* adapted with reverence and taste by Jane Werner Watson and sumptuously illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen? We recommended it in these pages a few years back.

It would be erroneous to jump to the conclusion that the two books selected here for criticism are worse than any others. On the contrary. I chose to speak about these two books because, created by gifted people and published by first-class houses, they are nevertheless significant examples of a dangerous trend toward a confused sense of values. The implications of such a tendency seem to me important enough in our world today to justify the exercise of the reviewer's right and duty to blame as well as praise.

Every child should get a Christmas storybook

DECK THE STABLE

By IVY O. EASTWICK. Illustrated in color by Nora S. Unwin. A Christmas Eve tale, told in singing rhyme, with charming pictures of children and animals preparing the stable for the Holy Birth. Ages 7-10. $2.75*

THE BIBLICAL ZOO

By SUSAN R. NEVIL. Illustrated by the author. An unforgettable visit to Jerusalem's unique Biblical Zoo, where only descendants of animals and birds mentioned in the Bible are collected. Ages 7-10. $3.75*

DONKEY'S GLORY

By NAN GOODALL. Illustrated by Sylvia Green. A beautiful, gentle and reverent story of three little donkeys in Palestine who played important, if humble, roles in the life of Jesus. Ages 8-12. $3.00

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A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

RELIGION AND CHRISTMAS

The Lord's Prayer. Autolithographs by Charles Mozley. Watts. Catholic Edition. $5.

Presented in a gift box, a large size festive book of lasting value, with stunning full-page colored and gold lithographs which face each sentence in bold type. All ages.

Children's Bible. Text by W. Hillmann, O.F.M. Ill. by Johannes Gruger. Helicon. $2.50.

Fifteen stories from the Old Testament and thirty from the New, well retold with dignity and simplicity. Strong, dramatic colored pictures. Excellent introduction to the Bible. 5-10.

Bible Stories for Little Children. By Betty R. Hollender. Ill. by William Steinel. Union American Hebrew Congregation. $2.25.

Stories unfamiliar to many Catholic children—Elijah and Jezabel, Hosea, Ruth, Daniel, etc. Told with unusual talent combining reverence for the text with direct speech accessible to children. No distracting commentaries but a chance to get at some of the roots of Christianity. Lively pictures. 5-10.

The Holy Bible. Selected and arranged by Elsa Jane Werner and Charles Hartman. Old Testament ill. by Feodor Rojankovsky. New Testament ill. by Alice and Martin Provensen. Followed by the Story of the Bible and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Guild Press. $7.95.

In a gift box, previously published as single books. (Warning: one picture of God as an old man.) 6-12.

The Old Testament. Ill. by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday. $6.95.

A large-size, festive book with full-page colored pictures in a classic, reverent style disclosing the artist's deep love for the Bible and scenes of the Bible in the Middle East. Covers most of the highlights of the Old Testament. King James Version. 6-12.

The Three Guardsmen and other Stories from the Apocrypha. By Edith Patterson Meyer. Ill. by Howard Simon. Abingdon. $2.50.

The Bible stories missing from the Protestant editions of the Bible since Puritan times: Tobias, Esther, the Macchabees, etc. Retold simply and tactfully, with a short explanation about the Aprocrypha. Meant for Protestant children, it can be read with interest and profit by other children. 10-14.

From "Tortoise and Turtle" (Simon & Schuster)

The Little Wise Man. By Robert and Lee Wyndham. Bobbs Merrill. $2.75.

A small shepherd boy finds his way to the Manger on the first Christmas. Plausible and tender. 6-10.

The Year of the Christmas Dragon. By Ruth Sawyer. Ill. by Hugh Troy. Viking. $2.50.

How a Chinese dragon, many thousands of years old, becomes a Mexican Christmas Dragon through a boy's ingenuity. This is one more jewel in the crown of a justly famous author. 8-12.

The Peg-Legged Pirate of Sulu. By Cora Cheney. Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Knopf. $2.75.

In the bygone days of piracy a Filipino boy encounters a dangerous pirate, is instrumental in saving his own village and getting the pirate baptized, together with a "whole army of Pagans." Very well written and entertaining. A Christmas story for the year round. 7-11.

Baboushka and the Three Kings. By Ruth Robbins. Ill. by Nicolas Sidjakov. Parnassus. $2.25.

Adapted from the Russian, this has large print, hieratic drawings richly colored, songs and music. A small and very pleasing book. 5-8.

Fidele; the Legend of a Good Dog. Text and ill. by Mary E. Little. Scribner. $2.75.

Out of the thin legendary thread of a dog's unusual helpfulness to St. Roch, the author has contrived delightful post-mortem happenings in gay text and unusual pictures in illuminated-manuscript-like style. 6-10.

The Twenty Miracles of Saint Nicholas. By Bernarda Bryson. Little, Brown. $4.75.

Out of St. Nicholas's extensive legend the author-illustrator chose twenty stories which she retells straightforwardly and illustrates with considerable talent. A lovely gift at any time. 6-12.

Treasure on the Hill. By Marie Killilea. Ill. by Lauren Ford. Dodd. $3.50.

An interesting attempt at reconstructing the everyday life of a family in Palestine from 1 to 33 A.D. The identity of the boy Jeshua comes out at the end. Delicate and meaningful drawings by a well-known artist. 8-12.

A Pint of Judgment: A Christmas Story. By Elizabeth Morrow. Ill. by Harold Berson. Knopf. $2.50.

A warm-hearted little girl of the nineteenth century mistakes "sense" for "cents." Very amusing, with pleasing, quaint, colored pictures. 6-10.

Golden Legend of Young Saints. By Daniel-Rops. Ill. by Mary Newland. Kenedy. $2.95. 10-14.

The Story of St. Nicholas. From the Bishop of Myra to Santa Claus. By Mildred Luckhart. Ill. by Gordon Laite. Abingdon. $2.75. 8-12.

46 Days to Christmas. A Cycle of Old World Songs. Legends and Customs. By Dorothy Gladys Spicer. Ill. by Anne Marie Jauss. Coward. $3.50. 8-12.

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The Magic Jewel. By Roderich Thun. Ill. by Edith Kiem. Viking. $2.75.

Magic combined with ultra-modern transportation, beautiful pictures and an exciting story. A lovely gift. 5-9.

The Kid. Story and Pictures by W. T. Cummings. Whittlesey. $2.25.

The boy enjoyed living by himself in the wild woods until he wanted "someone to be with." A horse guides him to a place of warmth and affection. Lyrically told, with few, well-chosen words, and meaningful drawings. 5-9.

Brave Baby Elephant. By Sesyle Joslin. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt. $2.50.

At night, Baby Elephant embarks on his big adventure, all alone. And the last page is bed! One of the most endearing bedtime stories to be had in text and pictures. 3-7.

This is New York. By M. Sasek. Macmillan. $3.

Mr. Sasek outdid himself. All ages.

The Enchantress. Text and pictures by Edgar Parker. Pantheon. $3.25.

A delightful fairy tale with traditional devices happily mixed with new ideas and beautiful illustrations. 6-10.

In My Garden. By Charlotte Zolotov. Ill. By Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. $2.75.

A little girl and her garden throughout the year, told in short, lively lines and joyously illustrated with pictures worth framing. 4-8.

The Swapping Boy. Retold by John Langstaff. Ill. by Beth and Joe Krush. Music collected and arranged by Cecil Sharp. Harcourt. $2.95.

The Old Appalachian Mountain trading song presented with humor and gusto by three gifted artists. 5-9.

If Everybody Did. By Jo Ann Stover. McKay. $2.95.

If everybody did spill tacks, pull off a bud, jump in the mud, etc. Devastating results shown graphically and humorously. Gay and wise. 5-9.

Ten in a Family. Text and pictures by Charlotte Steiner. Knopf. $2.95.

The endearing mouse family grows and grows with each gay, colored picture and so does the child's acquaintance with the first ten numbers. A very successful contribution to pre-school arithmetic. 3-6.

Alexander Fiddlewhistle. Charles E. Watts. Helicon. $2.95.

A boy is given his heart's desire to don a captain's uniform and steer a ship. Bold, full-page, brightly colored pictures, suggestive of pirate days. A boy's book *par excellence.* 5-9.

Scrappy the Pup. By John Ciardi. Ill. by Jane Miller. Lippincott. $3.

The watchdog who would not watch, told in verse by an outstanding poet and illustrated with a fine sense of humor. Children will chuckle over it. 6-10.

It's a Deal. By Poul Stroyer. Adapted from the Swedish by Maria Cimino. McDowell, Obolensky. $2.95.

Willy trades his dog against successive, astonishing offers, all told in vivid, humorous, colored pictures. 4-9.

From "Treasure on the Hill" (Dodd, Mead)

Johnny the Clockmaker. Story and Pictures by Edward Ardizzone. Walck. $3.

A small boy's attempts at making things are not much appreciated by his family until . . . Once again Mr. Ardizzone has created a most winning character, the answer to many a small boy's dream of his own self. Boys, 6-10.

Moy Moy. Story and pictures by Leo Politi. Scribner. $2.95.

A little Chinese girl in an American Chinatown at the time of the Chinese New Year Festival. Colorful, gay, warm-hearted in the gifted author-artist's unique way. 5-9.

The Shoemaker and the Elves. By the Brothers Grimm. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Scribners. $2.95. 5-9.

The Candy Basket. Story and Pictures by Valenti Angelo. Viking. $2.50. 5-9.

Follow the Brook. Story and pictures by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Macmillan. $3.25. 6-9.

EASY TO READ

The Gouden Footprints. By Taro Yashima and Hatogu Muku. Ill. by Taro Yashima. World. $2.95.

Three foxes and a small boy in a remote mountain region in Japan. Difficult to say whom to admire most—the parent foxes or the little boy. A small epic on a grand scale. All ages.

Desert Dan. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Ill. by Harper Johnson. Viking. $2.50.

All the animals, including the dangerous ones, love solitary old Dan, who understands them. However, Nina, a young burro, cannot put Isaiah's prophesy into practice so easily! This modern, Arizona desert version of St. Francis is full of beauty, excitement and wisdom. 8-12.

The Sign on Rosie's Door. Story and Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $2.50.

Through make-believe of her own, imaginative little Rosie becomes Alinda the great singer. Populous streets, humble homes, simple motherly women, lively urchins—all this and much more finds its place both in text and pictures through an author-artist of unusual talent and humanity. 5-9.

My Friend in Africa. By Frederick Frank. Bobbs. $2.95.

How the wish to become a real doctor takes shape in the heart and mind of Bolo, a young African child, while he is being treated at Lambaréné. Authentic background (the author was a dentist at Dr. Schweitzer's hospital), lively, convincing, with a fine sense of universal values. All ages.

The Three Policemen. Written and ill. by William Pène du Bois. Viking. $3. 8-12.

The Buffalo Robe. Written and ill. by Gardell Dano Christensen. Nelson. $2.95. 8-12.

The Marshmallow Ghosts. By Pris-

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cilla and Otto Friedrich. Ill. by Louis Slobodkin. Lothrop. $2.95. 6-10.

Whitey's First Roundup. Written and ill. by Glen Rounds. Holiday. $2.50. 7-11.

The Top Hand of Lone Tree Ranch. By Anne Pence Davis. Ill. by Sam Savitt. Crowell. $2.50. 7-10.

PROVERBS, FAIRY TALES, FOLKLORE

They Say Stories. Written and ill. by Warren Chappell. Knopf. $3.

Some age-old wisdom presented in the form of fourteen proverbs, each one calling for a short, witty and entertaining story. A literary achievement, illustrated with talent and distinction. All ages.

Ten Thousand Desert Swords: The Epic Story of a Great Bedouin Tribe. By Russell Davis and Brent Ashabranner. Ill. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little Brown. $3.50.

A thousand-year-old legend with an historical background written for the first time in a language other than Arabic. A proud tale, conducive to a better understanding of Arabs. 12 up.

Heather and Broom: Tales of the Scottish Highlands. By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Ill. by Consuelo Joerns. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $3.25. 9-12.

The Golden Lynx and other tales. Selected by Augusta Baker. Ill. by John Troyer. Lippincott. $3. 8-11.

Danny Kaye's Around the World Story Book: 104 favorite stories, legends, fairy tales and fables of people everywhere, past and present. Ill. by many artists. Random. $4.95. 7-12.

STORIES FOR MIDDLE AGE CHILDREN

The Cricket in Times Square. By George Selden. Ill. by Garth Williams. Ariel. $3.50.

A Connecticut cricket in a New York subway. His hazardous and wonderful life. His friendship with a mouse, a cat and a boy. His meeting with understanding people or nervous ones. His triumph as a singer who brings money to the hard-working people who run the newspaper stand. Fascinating plot and a literary masterpiece. Mr. Williams'

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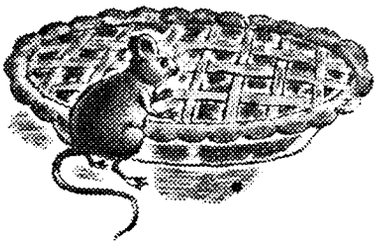

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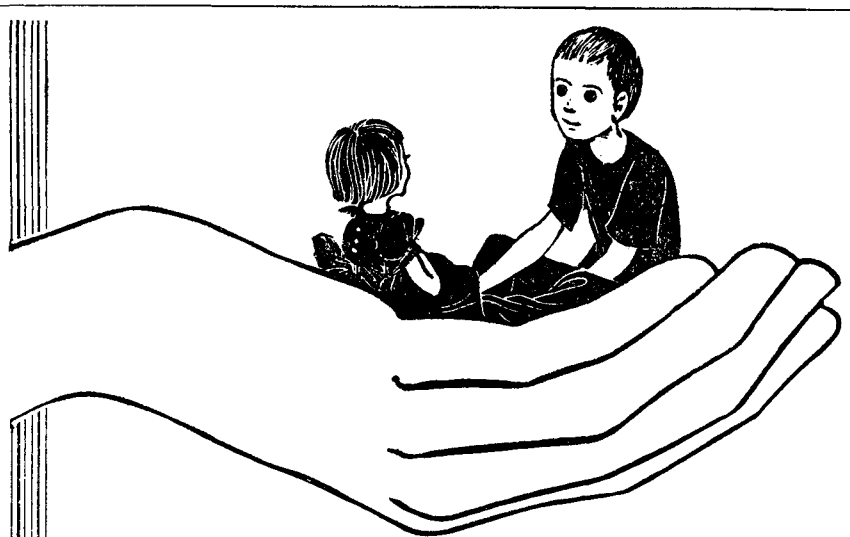

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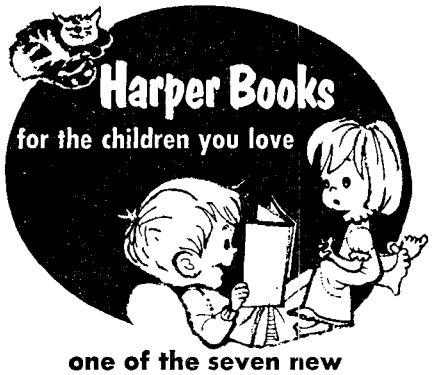

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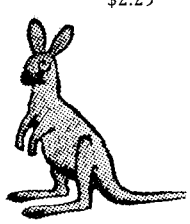

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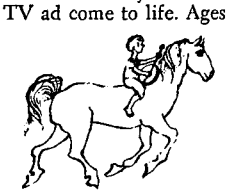

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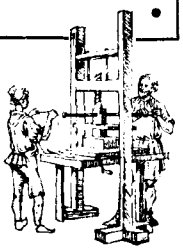

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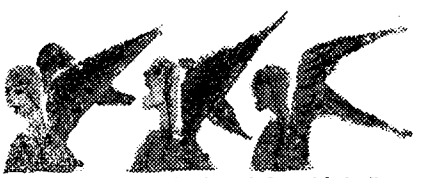

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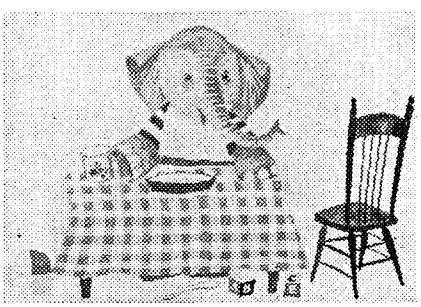

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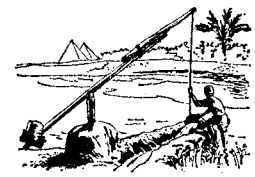

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